

## IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Copyrighted and published in book form by the  
Advance Publishing Co. of Chicago.

"Listen to this, Mary," he said after a moment, while his voice trembled: "This morning Alexander Powers, superintendent of the L. and T. R. R. shops in this city, handed his resignation to the road and gave as the reason the fact that certain proof had fallen into his hands of the violation of the interstate commerce law, and also of the state law, which has recently been framed to prevent and punish railroad pooling for the benefit of certain favored shippers. Mr. Powers states in his resignation that he can no longer consistently withhold the information he possesses against the road. He has placed his evidence against the company in the hands of the commission, and it is now for them to take action upon it."

"The News wishes to express itself on this action of Mr. Powers. In the first place, he has nothing to gain by it. He has lost a valuable place voluntarily when by keeping silent he might have retained it. In the second place, we believe his action ought to receive the approval of all thoughtful, honest citizens who believe in seeing law obeyed and lawbreakers brought to justice. In a case like this, where evidence against a railroad company is generally understood to be almost impossible to obtain, it is the general belief that the officers of the road are often in possession of criminal facts, but do not consider it to be any of their business to inform the authorities that the law is being defied."

"The entire result of this evasion of responsibility on the part of those who are responsible is demoralizing to every young man connected with the road. The editor of The News recalls the statement made by a prominent railroad official in this city a little while ago that nearly every clerk in a certain department of the road who understood how large sums of money were made by shrewd violations of the interstate commerce law was ready to admire the shrewdness with which it was done and declared that they would all do the same thing if they were high enough in railroad circles to attempt it. [This was actually said in one of the general offices of a great western railroad, to the author's knowledge.]

"It is not necessary to say that such a condition of business is destructive to all the nobler and higher standards of conduct, and no young man can live in such an atmosphere of unpunished dishonesty and lawlessness without wrecking his character."

"In our judgment, Mr. Powers did the only thing that a Christian man can do. He has rendered brave and useful service to the state and the general public. It is not always an easy matter to determine the relations that exist between the individual citizen and his fixed duty to the public. In this case there is no doubt in our mind that the step which Mr. Powers has taken commends itself to every man who believes in law and its enforcement. There are times when the individual must act for the people in ways that will mean sacrifice and loss to him of the gravest character. Mr. Powers will be misunderstood and misrepresented, but there is no question that his course will be approved by every citizen who wishes to see the greatest corporations as well as the weakest individual subject to the same law. Mr. Powers has done all that a loyal, patriotic citizen could do. It now remains for the commission to act upon his evidence, which, we understand, is overwhelming proof of the lawlessness of the L. and T. Let the law be enforced, no matter who the persons may be who have been guilty."

Henry Maxwell finished reading and dropped the paper.

"I must go and see Powers. This is the result of his promise."

He rose, and as he was going out his wife said:

"Do you think, Henry, that Jesus would have done that?"

Henry Maxwell paused a moment. Then he answered slowly:

"Yes, I think he would. At any rate, Powers has decided so, and each one of us who made the promise understands that he is not deciding Jesus' conduct for any one else, only for himself."

"How about his family? How will Mrs. Powers and Celia be likely to take it?"

"Very hard, I have no doubt. That will be Powers' cross in this matter. They will not understand his motive."

Henry Maxwell went out and walked over to the next block, where the superintendent lived. To his relief, Powers himself came to the door.

The two men shook hands silently. They instantly understood each other without words. There had never been such a bond of union between the minister and his parishioner.

"What are you going to do?" Henry Maxwell asked after they had talked over the facts in the case and considered them well.

"on. It is one of the contradictions of the railroad world that the Y. M. C. A. and other Christian influences are encouraged by the roads, while all the time the most un-Christian and lawless acts are being committed in the official management of the roads themselves. Of course it is understood that it pays a railroad to have in its employ men who are temperate and honest and Christian. So I have no doubt the master mechanic will have the same courtesy extended to him that I had in the matter of the room and its uses. But what I want you to do, Mr. Maxwell, is to see that my plan is carried out. Will you? You understand what the idea was in general. You made a very favorable impression on the men. Go down there as often as you can. Get Milton Wright interested to provide something for the furnishing and expense of the coffee plant and reading tables. Will you do it?"

"Yes," replied Henry Maxwell. He staid a little longer. Before he went away he and the superintendent had a prayer together, and they parted with that silent hand grasp that seemed to them like a new token of their Christian discipleship and fellowship.

The pastor of the First church went home stirred deeply by the events of the week. Gradually the truth was growing upon him that the pledge to do as Jesus would was working out a revolution in his parish and throughout the city. Every day added to the serious results of obedience to that pledge. Henry Maxwell did not pretend to see the end. He was, in fact, only now at the very beginning of events that were destined to change the history of hundreds of families, not only in Raymond, but throughout the entire country. As he thought of Edward Norman and Rachel and Mr. Powers and of the results that had already come from their actions he could not help a feeling of intense interest in the probable effect if all the persons in the First church who had made the pledge faithfully kept it. Would they all keep it, or would some of them turn back when the cross became too heavy?

He was asking this question the next morning as he sat in his study when the president of the Endeavor society called to see him.

"I suppose I ought not to trouble you with my case," said young Morris, coming at once to his errand, "but I thought, Mr. Maxwell, that you might advise me a little."

"I'm glad you came. Go on, Fred," Henry Maxwell had known the young man ever since his first year in the pastorate and loved and honored him for his consistent, faithful service in the church.

"Well, the fact is I'm out of a job. You know, I've been doing reporter work on The Morning Sentinel since I graduated last year. Well, last Saturday Mr. Burr asked me to go down the road Sunday morning and get the details of that train robbery at the junction and write the thing up for the extra edition that came out Monday morning, just to get the start of The News. I refused to go, and Burr gave me my dismissal. He was in a bad temper, or I think perhaps he would not have done it. He has always treated me well before. Now, don't you think Jesus would have done as I did? I ask because the other fellows say I was a fool not to do the work. I want to feel that a Christian acts from motives that may seem strange to others sometimes, but not foolish. What do you think?"

"I think you kept your promise, Fred. I cannot believe Jesus would do newspaper work on Sunday, as you were asked to do it."

"Thank you, Mr. Maxwell. I felt a little troubled over it, but the longer I think it over the better I feel."

Morris rose to go, and Henry Maxwell rose and laid a loving hand on the young man's shoulder.

"What are you going to do, Fred?"

"I don't know yet. I have thought some of going to Chicago or some large city."

"Why don't you try The News?"

"They are all supplied. I have not thought of applying there."

Henry Maxwell thought a moment. "Come down to The News office with me and let us see Norman about it."

So a few minutes later Edward Norman received into his room the minister and young Morris, and Henry Maxwell briefly told the cause of their errand.

"I can give you a place on The News," said Edward Norman, with his keen look softened by a smile that made it winsome. "I want reporters who won't work Sundays. And, what is more, I am making plans for a special kind of reporting which I believe young Morris here can develop because he is in sympathy with what Jesus would do."

He assigned Morris a definite task, and Henry Maxwell started back to his study feeling that kind of satisfaction—and it is a very deep kind—which a man feels when he has been even partly instrumental in finding an unemployed person a situation.

know, eminently practical, business-like, according to the regular code of the business world, and viewing everything first and foremost from the standpoint of "Will it pay?"

"There is no use to disguise the fact, Mr. Maxwell, that I have been compelled to revolutionize the whole method of my business since I made that promise. I have been doing a great many things during the last 20 years in this store that I know Jesus would not do, but that is a small item compared with the number of things I begin to believe Jesus would do. My sins of commission have not been as many as those of omission in business relations."

"What was the first change you made?" asked Henry Maxwell. He felt as if his sermon could wait for him in his study. As the interview with Milton Wright continued he was not so sure but he had found material for a sermon without going back to his study.

"I think the first change I had to make was in my thought of my employees. I came down here Monday morning after that Sunday and asked myself 'What would Jesus do in his relation to these clerks, bookkeepers, office boys, draymen, salesmen? Would he try to establish some sort of personal relation to them different from that which I have sustained all these years? I soon answered the question by saying, 'Yes.' Then came the question of what it would lead me to do."

"I did not see how I could answer it to my satisfaction without getting all my employees together and having a talk with them. So I sent invitations to all of them, and we had a meeting out there in the warehouse Tuesday night."

"A good many things came out of that meeting. I can't tell you all. I tried to talk with the men as I imagined Jesus might. It was hard work, for I have not been in the habit of it, and I must have made mistakes. But I can hardly make you believe, Mr. Maxwell, the effect of that meeting on some of the men. Before it closed I saw more than a dozen of them with tears on their faces. I kept asking, 'What would Jesus do?' and the more I asked it the further along it pushed me into the most intimate and loving relations with the men who have worked for me all these years. Every day something new is coming up, and I am right now in the midst of a reconstructing of the entire business, so far as its motive for being conducted is concerned. I am so practically ignorant of all plans for co-operation and its application to business that I am trying to get information from every possible source. I have lately made a special study of the life of Titus Salt, the great mill owner of Bradford, England, who afterward built that model town on the banks of the Aire. There is a good deal in his plans that will help. But I have not yet reached definite conclusions in regard to Jesus' methods. But see here."

Milton eagerly reached up into one of the pigeonholes of his desk and took out a paper.

"I have sketched out what seems to me a programme such as Jesus might go by in a business like mine. I want you to tell me what you think about it."

"WHAT JESUS WOULD PROBABLY DO IN MILTON WRIGHT'S PLACE AS A BUSINESS MAN"

"1. He would engage in business for the purpose of glorifying God and not for the primary purpose of making money."

"2. All money that might be made he would never regard as his own, but as trust funds to be used for the good of humanity."

"3. His relations with all the persons in his employ would be the most loving and helpful. He could not help thinking of them all in the light of souls to be saved. This thought would always be greater than his thought of making money in business."

"4. He would never do a single dishonest or questionable thing or try in the remotest way to get the advantage of any one else in the same business."

"5. The principle of unselfishness and helpfulness in all the details of the business would direct its details."

"6. Upon this principle he would shape the entire plan of his relations to his employees, to the people who were his customers and to the general business world with which he was connected."

Henry Maxwell read this over slowly. It reminded him of his own attempts the day before to put into a concrete form his thought of Jesus' probable action. He was very thoughtful as he looked up and met Milton Wright's eager gaze.

"Do you believe you can continue to make your business pay on those lines?"

"I do. Intelligent unselfishness ought to be wiser than intelligent selfishness, don't you think? If the men who work as employees begin to feel a personal share in the profits of the business and, more than that, a personal love for themselves on the part of the firm, won't the result be more care, less waste, more diligence, more faithful ness?"

"Yes, I think so. A good many other business men don't, do they? I mean as a general thing. How about your relations to the selfish world that is not trying to make money on Christian principles?"

"That complicates my action, of course."

"Does your plan contemplate what is coming to be known as co-operation?"

"Yes, as far as I have gone, it does. As I told you, I am studying out my details carefully. I am absolutely convinced that Jesus in my place would be absolutely unselfish. He would love all these men in his employ. He would consider the main purpose of all the business to be a personal helpfulness and would conduct it all so that God's Kingdom would be evidently the first object sought. On those general principles, as I say, I am working. I must have time to complete the details."

When Henry Maxwell finally left Milton Wright he was profoundly impressed with the revolution that was being wrought already in the business. As he passed out of the store he caught

something of the new spirit of the place. There was no mistaking the fact that Milton Wright's new relations to his employees were beginning, even so soon, after less than two weeks, to transform the entire business. This was apparent in the conduct and faces of the clerks.

"If Milton Wright keeps on, he will be one of the most influential preachers in Raymond," said Henry Maxwell to himself when he reached his study. The question rose as to his continuance in this course when he began to lose money by it, as was possible. Henry Maxwell prayed that the Holy Spirit, who had shown himself with growing power in the company of the First church disciples, might abide long with them all, and with that prayer on his lips and in his heart he began the preparation of a sermon in which he was going to present to his people on Sunday the subject of the saloon in Raymond, as he now believed Jesus would do. He had never preached against the saloon in this way before. He knew that the things he should say would lead to serious results. Nevertheless he went on with his work, and every sentence he wrote or shaped was preceded with the question, "Would Jesus say that?"

Once in the course of his study he went down on his knees. No one except himself could know what that meant to him. When had he done that in the preparation of sermons before the change that had come into his thought of discipleship? As he viewed his ministry now he did not dare to preach without praying for wisdom. He no longer thought of his dramatic delivery and its effect on his audience. The great question with him now was, "What would Jesus do?"

Saturday night at the Rectangle witnessed some of the most remarkable scenes that Mr. Gray and his wife had ever known. The meetings had intensified with each night of Rachel's singing. A stranger passing through the Rectangle in the daytime might have heard a good deal about the meetings in one way and another. It cannot be said that up to that Saturday night there was any appreciable lack of oaths and impurity and heavy drinking. The Rectangle would not have acknowledged that it was growing any better or that even the singing had softened its conversation or its outward manner. It had too much local pride in being "tough." But, in spite of itself, there was a yielding to a power it had never measured and did not know well enough to resist beforehand.

Gray had recovered his voice, so that Saturday he was able to speak. The fact that he was obliged to use his voice carefully made it necessary for the people to be very quiet if they wanted to hear. Gradually they had come to understand that this man was talking and strength to give them a knowledge of a Saviour, all out of a perfectly unselfish love for them. Tonight the great crowd was as quiet as Henry Maxwell's decorous audience ever was. The fringe around the tent was deeper, and the saloons were practically empty. The Holy Spirit had come at last, and Gray knew that one of the great prayers of his life was going to be answered.

And Rachel—her singing was the best, most wonderful Virginia or Jasper Chase had ever known. They had come together again tonight with Dr. West, who had spent all his spare time that week in the Rectangle with some charity cases. Virginia was at the organ, Jasper sat on a front seat looking up at Rachel, and the Rectangle swayed as one man toward the platform as she sang:

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst me come to thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

Gray said hardly a word. He stretched out his hand with a gesture of invitation, and down the two aisles of the tent broken, sinful creatures, men and women, stumbled toward the platform. One woman out of the street was near the organ.

Virginia caught the look of her face, and for the first time in the life of the rich girl the thought of what Jesus was to a sinful woman came with a suddenness and power that were like nothing but a new birth. Virginia left the organ, went to her, looked into her face and caught her hands in her own. The other girl trembled, then fell on her knees, sobbing, with her head down upon the back of the bench in front of her, still clinging to Virginia. And Virginia, after a moment's hesitation, knelt down by her, and the two heads were bowed close together.

But when the people had crowded in a double row all about the platform, most of them kneeling and crying, a man in evening dress, different from the others, pushed through the seats and came and knelt down by the side of the drunken man who had disturbed the meeting when Henry Maxwell spoke. He knelt within a few feet of Rachel Winslow, who was still singing softly, and as she turned for a moment and looked in his direction she was amazed to see the face of Rollin Page. For a moment her voice faltered. Then she went on:

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst me come to thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

The voice was as the voice of divine longing, and the Rectangle, for the time being, was swept into the harbor of retributive grace.

CHAPTER V  
If any man serve me, let him follow me.

It was nearly midnight before the service at the Rectangle closed. Gray staid up long into Sunday morning praying and talking with a little group of converts that in the great experience of their new life, clung to the evangelist with a personal helplessness that made it as impossible for him to leave them as if they had been dependent upon him to save them from physical death. Among these converts was Rollin Page.

Virginia and her uncle had gone home about 11 o'clock, and Rachel and Jasper Chase had gone with them as far as the avenue where Virginia lived. Dr. West had walked on a little way with them to his own house, and Rachel

and Jasper had then gone on together to her mother's.

That was a little after 11. It was now striking midnight, and Jasper Chase sat in his room staring at the papers on his desk and going over the last half hour with painful persistence.

He had told Rachel Winslow of his love for her, and she had not given her love in return.

It would be difficult to know what was most powerful in the impulse that had moved him to speak to her tonight. He had yielded to his feelings without any special thought of results to himself because he had felt so certain that Rachel would respond to his love for her. He tried to recall now just the impression she made on him when he first spoke to her.

Never had her beauty and her strength influenced him as tonight. While she was singing he saw and heard no one else. The tent swarmed with a confused crowd of faces, and he knew he was sitting there hemmed in by a mob of people, but they had no meaning to him. He felt powerless to avoid speaking to her. He knew he should speak when they were once alone.

Now that he had spoken he felt that he had misjudged either Rachel or the opportunity. He knew, or thought he did, that she had begun to care for him. It was no secret between them that the heroine of Jasper's first novel had been his own ideal of Rachel, and the hero of the story was himself, and they had loved each other in the book, and Rachel had not objected. No one else knew. The names and characters had been drawn with a subtle skill that revealed to Rachel, when she received a copy of the book from Jasper, the fact of his love for her, and she had not been offended. That was nearly a year ago.

Tonight Jasper Chase recalled the scene between them, with every inflection and movement unrecalled from his memory. He even recalled the fact that he began to speak just at that point on the avenue where a few days before he had met Rachel walking with Rollin Page. He had wondered at the time what Rollin was saying.

"Rachel," Jasper had said, and it was the first time he had ever spoken her first name. "I never knew until tonight how much I love you. Why should I try to conceal any longer what you have seen me look? You know I love you as my life. I can no longer hide it from you if I would."

The first intimation he had of a refusal was the trembling of Rachel's arm in his own. She had allowed him to speak and had neither turned her face toward him nor away from him. She had looked straight on, and her voice was sad, but firm and quiet, when she spoke.

"Why do you speak to me now? I cannot bear it—after what we have seen tonight."

"Why—what?" he had stammered and then was silent.

Rachel withdrew her arm from his, but still walked near him.

Then he cried out with the anguish of one who begins to see a great loss facing him where he expected a great joy.

"Rachel! Do you not love me? Is not my love for you as sacred as anything in all of life itself?"

She had walked on silent for a few steps after that. They had passed a street lamp. Her face was pale and beautiful. He had made a movement to clutch her arm, and she had moved a little farther from him.

"No," she had replied. "There was a time—I cannot answer for that. You should not have spoken to me tonight."

He had seen in these words his answer. He was extremely sensitive. Nothing short of a joyous response to his own love would have satisfied him. He could not think of pleading with her.

"Some time, when I am more worthy," he had asked in a low voice, but she did not seem to hear, and they had parted at her home, and he recalled vividly the fact that no good night had been said.

Now, as he went over the brief but significant scene, he lashed himself for his foolish precipitancy. He had not reckoned on Rachel's tense, passionate absorption of all her feeling in the scenes at the tent which were so new in her mind. But he did not know her well enough even yet to understand the meaning of her refusal. When the clock in the First church steeple struck 1, he was still sitting at his desk, staring at the last page of manuscript of his unfinished novel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS

COPYRIGHTS &amp;c.

Scientific American.

MUNN &amp; CO. 361 Broadway, New York

DR. W. B. ALFORD,

DENTAL SURGEON.

Office: 1115 S. W. 2nd St. p. m. 3:15 to 6:30 p. m.

## SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect Nov. 15, 1899.

No. 11 No. 8

Daily Daily

EASTERN TIME.

No. 6 No. 10

Daily Daily

Lv. Augusta

Lv. Savannah

Lv. Jacksonville

Lv. Tampa

Lv. Mobile

Lv. New Orleans

Lv. Houston

Lv. Galveston

Lv. San Antonio

Lv. Austin

Lv. Dallas

Lv. Fort Worth

Lv. Oklahoma City

Lv. Kansas City

Lv. St. Louis

Lv. Chicago

Lv. St. Paul

Lv. Minneapolis

Lv. Duluth

Lv. Superior

Lv. Sault Ste. Marie

Lv. Marquette

Lv. Escanaba

Lv. Iron River

Lv. Houghton

Lv. Ontonagon

Lv. Mackinac Island

Lv. St Ignace

Lv. Sault Ste. Marie

Lv. Marquette

Lv. Escanaba

Lv. Iron River

Lv. Houghton

Lv. Ontonagon

Lv. Mackinac Island

Lv. St Ignace

Lv. Sault Ste. Marie

Lv. Marquette

Lv. Escanaba

Lv. Iron River

Lv. Houghton